extremely anxious (I believe some assistance the Empress agreed to give with regard to her fleet), this person had to deliver the intelligence. On hearing it, Pitt's exclamation was, "Thank God!" Bose said, " No, has she indeed ! " and Lord Carmarthen, " The devil she has! "

Lord George Gordon has been about, trying to excite riots, and is outlawed from the parish of Marylebone.

We dine often with my cousin, Sir Harry Englefield, and his mother, who have a pleasant house, and draw together *Us beaux esprits.* Wraxall, Sloane, Isted, Knight, Lady Cadogan, Lady Mary and Mr, Churchill, Horace Walpole and the Misses Berry, are the general society there. Sir Harry has an unpleasant way of haranguing, and declares he does everything by the " rule of thumb." I have not yet been able to ascertain what he means by that expression; something very scientific I make no doubt, but beyond my comprehension.[1]

i Sir Harry, being a great antiquarian, alluded probably to the custom of sculptors, who are in the habit of passing the thumb nail over the surface of their works, in order to detect inequalities, I remember in later years to have

seen Sir Harry, then quite blind, descanting upon the beauties of his splendid collection of Etruscan vases, and following the contours of the figures by the aid of his thumb.